

## Crush Things by Losermultifandomidiot

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**Summary:**

Billy develops a crush on his best friend.

# Crush Things

## Author's Note:

Fem reader! Fic from my tumblr  
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Billy motherfucking Hargrove, never thought he'd fall this hard for anyone. Usually it was the other way around; the girl falls for him, he plays his cards right, he gets maybe a few fun nights outta them and then,

Boom!

He ends up never talking to them again. However it was the total opposite for (Y/F/N) (Y/L/N).

Or for him, the person that made his legs feel like jelly, his palms sweaty, and most surprising thing of all made his heart run a 1000 miles whenever she was around him.

He was totally whipped.

Billy motherfucking Hargrove was in love with a girl. Now this of course came as a huge surprise to everyone. Hell, it was ever a huge surprise for Billy. He was in love, and he couldn't deny it. He loved her.

Although it didn't always use to be like that. At first he was just her friend.

(Y/N) and Billy had become friends in the last 6 months. It had started when their English teacher had told Billy he needed to get a tutor if he wanted to pass her class. Billy was reluctant at first, the idea of a tutor bored him even more than the class itself. That was however until he met you.

You were what the other teens would categorize as a nerd, although you just saw yourself as kinda nerdy. You did well in all of your classes, the occasional B and C every now and then, but you tried your best in school so that's all that mattered to you.

English however was one of the subjects you did an absolute fantastic job in, so you weren't surprised when your English teacher had asked you to tutor another student of hers. Now what you weren't expecting was Billy Hargrove to be the student you were going to tutor. The King of Hawkins didn't seem like the type to want to be tutored or have any help from anyone; even his "cult of followers". You knew it could be rough but you agreed anyway, telling yourself just to try your best. Billy of course had thought that his tutor would eventually give up on him as he was planning to tell you he didn't need to be tutored; he'd be fine on his own.

So when the two of you met in the library afterschool the next day and you smiled and shook his hand, telling him,

"Let's do our best, ok?" the King was obviously intrigued.

Billy had thought you'd be one of two ways: a) afraid of him and just do his homework for him or b) woo'd by him like every other girl in the school. He soon realized how wrong he was as the two of you worked hard for two hours in the library. You had asked to look through his old test and homework to figure out what the root problem of why he was failing. After you did that you created a plan for the two of you on how you would go about these tutor sessions to maximize time, but also help him figure out what he really needed to know before the next test.

Billy had never really liked school, he didn't care for it at all; truth be told, it was an escape from his dad so he was lenient with it. He didn't think he would be doing any work during tutoring but seeing on how calm and patient you were, he couldn't help but bring himself to do work. His first tutoring session and you had already a great affect on him and he had more or less fallen under your spell.

After the first week the tutor sessions stopped being at the library and rather your house. Billy was surprised when you invited him upstairs to your room to work, he thought you'd want to keep him away from there since of his reputation. He even told you that which prompted a chuckle from you.

"I thought it'd be easier to work in my room. Most of my neighbors have younger children and they get pretty loud. I have a record

player in my room so its easier to frown them out.” you told him as you already were heading upstairs.

Again your thoughtfulness had Billy completely dumbfounded. How could one person be so kind? How could one person be nice to him?

Billy knew he was an asshole to pretty much everyone, even though sometimes he didn’t mean to be. The constant pressure of his dad and then all the challenges that come with a highschool social life brought all those, ‘dickish’ tendencies out of him. He was always keeping up the tough guy act but when he was with you; he was a whole different person.

He made cute and cheesy jokes that made you laugh, he gave you sincere compliments, telling you how cute you are; he was absolutely smitten with you. He loved that he could make you smile and how you genuinely enjoyed his presence.

Your house, specifically your room, had become a safe place from Neil. He hadn’t wanted you to find out about his shitty home life, but Neil went off that night and he needed to get away. He had knocked on your window, it was past midnight but he knew you would answer. You opened it knowing it was him but when you saw the shape he was in your heart nearly jumped out your chest. You helped him through your window then onto your bed. You told him to get comfortable and that you’d be back with a first aid kit. When you came back he had taken off his boots, pants, jacket and shirt. You kneeled in front of him and gently cupped his face. His lip was busted, his cheek was cut and it looked like a black eye was forming on his left eye. When you looked into his eyes you could tell there was something deeper to this than just him getting into a fight. You treated the wounds cleaning up the dried blood off them first. He made no fuss, his body tensing up as you cleaned his cuts with alcohol. Putting ointment on his black eye, you told him you’d get him something cold to put over his eyes. He told you he didn’t need it. After you returned the first aid kit you sat down beside him and helped his hand, he looked at you confused.

“You don’t have to tell me what’s going on if you’re not ready yet, B. Just know I’m here whenever you need to tell me anything, ok?” you told him intertwining your fingers with his.

Billy wasn't planning on telling you that night but after you said that, he felt the tears that were already in his eyes begin to fester with even more emotions. The tears unbearably heavy now left his eyes, his head went down as he explained to you how much of his so called father abused him. You held him tight and once he was finished, Billy felt like a lot of weight had been lifted.

Then there was all the pent up emotions left; he couldn't hold it anymore. He sobbed into your shoulder, as you ran your fingers through his hair rocking yourself telling him it's gonna be alright. That he didn't have to go through this alone anymore.

He believed you.

You wiped away his tears, and told him to get comfortable in your bed. Too tired and too emotionally distraught to argue, he got under the covers and you joined him. You pulled Billy towards you, resting his head onto your chest, You stroked his hair and whispered sweet words till Billy fell asleep.

Billy before he dozed off had realized how you were his support.

How much you cared for him.

How much he loved you.

It was that night Billy realized he needed you. That was three months of your friendship and he knew he loved you.

He wanted you in his life to make him better. To make him happy.

The next two months of your friendship, Billy was trying his best to hide his crush on you. However those soft interaction that happened in your house began to bleed into school. Although you tutored Billy, you two never talked during school. Only in some classes and that was when your teachers' decided to put you two in groups. Billy had told you, the first day of tutoring he didn't want this to get out. You agreed knowing of course the drama he would receive from finding out he had a tutor.

Four months into this silence is when Billy approaches you at your locker.

“Hey, my favorite girl, how’s it going?” he spoke giving you his signature smirk while leaning on the locker next to you.

“Hey, Billy is there something you need?” you were confused to say the least and that was even an understatement. You were down right lost.

“What? I can’t say ‘hi’ to my favorite girl?” you looked at him before looking around to see the eyes focusing on you and Billy. You moved a little closer to him before whispering,

“I thought we agreed not to talk to each other at school, B?” he frowned a little.

“Yeah I know, but I don’t want to do that anymore. I like talking to you and if anyone give you shit or gives me shit for it then I’ll beat their asses.” you smiled at his words, shaking your head and closing your locker.

“What’s wrong (Y/N)?” concern was written all over his face.

“You’re making us both commit social suicide because you wanna talk to a nerd.” Billy’s lips parted opened, most likely about to respond with a rebuttal but you interrupted him to finish the rest of your statement.

“That’s very sweet of you, B.” his face lit up like a puppy seeing his owner after they had been gone for awhile. Billy had the widest grin you had ever seen, his cheeks were dusted red as he chuckled scratching the back of his head.

That school day in between classes, Billy and you walked and talked to each other. You ignored the stares the two of you were receiving as Billy seemed so excited to be talking to you in public. When it became lunch time, Billy took you to his car so that the two of you could eat lunch in private or so you thought until you were the only one with your lunch out.

“B, where’s your lunch?” he looked at you sheepishly before shaking his head.

“I only have enough time in the mornings to make Max’s lunch and

according to my dad, I don't need to go spending money on disgusting junk food or shitty school lunches." you frowned at the last statement, thinking about how long you've known Billy. You've never seen him eat at school and that was the reason. You carefully ripped your sandwich in half and held your hand out for Billy to take it.

"No, I'm fine, really Princess. You need to have your energy to for your science exam after this."

"B, you need to eat lunch and besides you know I do great in my science class. So take it and eat up big boy!" you smirked, pressing the sandwich to his lips. He bit it and you pulled your hand away to focus on your half. You looked back over to Billy to see him done with his half already; licking his fingers clean. You reached back into your lunch bag and pulled out a bag of chips which you tossed them onto his lap. He didn't object, this time and opened the bag and started munching.

Now everyday, a month after that incident, you bring Billy and your lunch so that the two of you could eat together. You two also started talking a lot more at school, especially in classes where the two of you would purposely sit in the back just so y'all could chat discreetly without your teacher noticing during a lecture. There were also many more looks being thrown your way, hell some of the girls at school even came up to you sometimes.

"What do you think you're doing with our Billy?: they would ask you and to which you would smugly reply,

"Just being his friend." Of course they still thought you were trying to hook up with him.

"Billy would never get with a nerd like you."

You ignored them because you knew Billy better than anyone at this school. You could only smirk at their words, because you also knew something about Billy, that even Billy probably didn't think you knew about him.

You knew he liked you or rather was in love with you.

You had managed to figure it out; the fifth month of your friendship. As to how you figured it out some might say it could be far-fetched.

You had learned by hugging Billy. Yes, hugging.

You had hugged Billy a lot, privately than publicly after he wanted to make your friendship known. Each hug you started to notice how hard, loud, and fast his heart would beat when you hugged him. You thought at first maybe he was just excited about something but then you noticed how tense he'd be when you were in his arms or when you touch him or accidentally brush against him. How his heart would speed up the longer you two hugged. The final piece of evidence was when you noticed every time you pulled away the faintest blush appeared on his face. You were shocked when you figured it out.

He was in love with you.

Billy mother fucking Hargrove was in love with you!

However, through your shock, you were so very happy. Billy was one of the few people in this town that you trusted with your life. He was so to simply put; awesome. Billy had woven his way into your heart. The mean and douchey, King of Hawkins you had thought him to be was actually one of the most sweetest, funniest, and genuine people you have ever met. He made you happy, made you laugh, and most of all, he cared about you.

You didn't immediately confront him when you figured it out. You knew Billy was in love with you but you didn't know for how long he's been thinking of you in the not so 'friendly' way. You knew he was a smooth talker with the ladies; he didn't need to say much of anything to get them going. Yet if he's been waiting a while to ask you out, you assumed maybe he had something planned. Maybe he had a cool suave way to ask you to be his girl. That's what you thought at least.

In reality though, Billy was just too nervous to ask you out. He was worried you, weren't going to feel the same way or you just wanted to two of you to remain friends. He'd been dying to ask you out for three months but every time he wanted to, he'd look into your eyes



and suddenly his confidence is gone.

He felt vulnerable around you.

He trusted you, no doubt but he felt like if he told you how he really felt, you'd end up telling him 'no'. He didn't want that.

He wanted you to say 'yes'.

He needed you to say 'yes'.

He wanted to be happy with you by his side. With you being the one making him happy. He couldn't bring himself to tell you and thought about how he might actually end up being just your 'friend' for the rest of his life.

It was nearing the seven month of your friendship, that you decided to do something about the growing tension between you two. Billy was over at your house, as you had invited him over for a 'fun friendly' sleepover. He had shown up around 6, with a little duffle bag with some clothes in it. You hugged him at the door and of course, listening to his heart beating out of his chest. You led him upstairs to your room, telling him on the way that your parents were on a work trip, so the two of you could hang out anywhere in the house.

"So, what's your plan for this sleepover, Princess?" he had asked, a slight tint of pink dusting over his cheeks as he sat down on your bed.

"Well that depends, we can make this sleepover extremely more fun. You just have to answer a few questions first." his eyebrows raised, looking slightly confused on what was going to happen. You walked up to him and held both of his hands.

"Uh- sure, but what do these questions pertain?"

"Just about you- and some emotions." Billy's face started going red as you continued to smile at him, amused by how adorable he looked.

"W-what do you mean by me and my emotions?" he stuttered looking down as you felt his palms start to heat up.

“Hmmm, I guess I don’t have to ask you questions but then that requires me to do something a little risky.” Billy’s head shot up at the word ‘risky’ his cheeks fully red.

“Risky? What are you going to do—” before he could finish, you pressed your lips to his gently. You could feel his body tense up as you kissed him. You were thinking of moving away until you felt Billy relax. His hands came around to hold your waist and he kissed back. You smiled as you cupped his face and deepened the kiss. His lips were soft and the stubble felt good rubbing against your chin. Your hands found their way to his hair and started playing with his curls, which released a deep moan from Billy’s throat. He pulled you closer to him, a nice familiar feeling of warmth between you two. A sense of joy ran through you the more you kissed him. The boy against your lips made everything around you disappear.

It felt like you were floating.

You didn’t want to move away from him and he didn’t want to move either but the air became scarce and the two of you separated. Panting, you looked at Billy and gave him the biggest smile. Billy’s face did the same; he grabbed your hands and kissed your knuckles.

“So how did you figure it out?”

“By this.” you pointed at his heart.

“My chest? What does my chest have to do with knowing I like you?” you chuckled.

“No dingus, your heart.” you wrapped your arms around him and pressed your ear to his chest.

“I started to notice how your heart would beat like crazy whenever I would hug you. At first I thought you were excited about something but then I noticed how you’d tense up too and blush as red as a tomato.” he scoffed.

“I do not blush as red as a tomato.” you looked up at him.

“You are right now B.”

“I am not!” he pouted making you giggle into his chest. He smiled down at you and bit his lip.

“So should I still ask you to be my girl?” he poked your nose making your face scrunch up.

“That’s a silly question B.” you leaned up and kissed his lips.

“I love you, Billy.” you pressed your forehead to his playing with his curls. Billy didn’t tense up this time, he wrapped his arms around you, nuzzling his nose against yours.

“I love you too, (Y/N).”

The sleepover that night dissolved into cuddling, soft kisses here and there and lazy makeouts on your couch. And of course ‘I love you’s,’ exchanged between the two of you. Who knew that Billy Hargrove having a crush on you would lead to this.